

## BOY SURGEON SAVED THE CAT.

Budding Young Genius Performed the Operation of Tracheotomy.

HIS SISTERS HELPED HIM.

Held the Family Pet While He Gave an Anaesthetic and Used the Scissors.

HE CUT OUT A LONG NEEDLE.

The Boy's Fondness for the Practice of Surgery Has Often Been Displayed in the Poultry Yard and Kennel.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Jan. 11.—Frank Spring, Jr., fifteen years old, of this city, is a surgeon in embryo. He performed the operation of tracheotomy on the family cat last Friday night, using as instruments a bone crochet hook and a pair of embroidery scissors. He removed from the throat of the animal a needle and nearly three yards of thread.

The cat recovered at once from the effects of the chloroform and the operation, and is now about the liveliest feline in Port Jervis. His vocal abilities are unimpaired, and he eats and drinks with avidity. The cat is eight months old, of the tortoiseshell variety, and rejoices in the name of Augustus. He is a great pet in the Spring family, being distinguished largely for a propensity to chew string. On Friday evening he absorbed a long piece of yarn, on the end of which was a darling needle. It is a mooted question with the young aspirant to surgical honors how the needle got into the cat's throat, but it got there, lodging horizontally and causing Augustus considerable uneasiness.

Frank Spring, his sisters, Gertrude and Anna, aged seventeen and thirteen years respectively, and the grandmother of the children, Mrs. George Houghton, were at supper when their attention was first attracted to the alarming condition of Augustus. The cat came into the dining-room, and threw its all over the apartment. It was plain that something was the matter with him, and Frank, who is of an inquiring and surgical turn of mind, set about discovering the cause of the unseemly exhibition.

**Tried a Crochet Hook.**  
He carried Augustus to a bedroom upstairs and there made an examination. He found that something was lodged in the cat's throat. The boy thought it was a bone. While his sisters, Gertrude and Anna, held the cat's feet, Frank opened the mouth of the subject and tried to pull out the obstruction with a crochet hook. The attempt only threw Augustus into another fit. Then Frank went to a drug store, bought a bottle of chloroform and proceeded with his remarkable operation.

He first put Augustus under the influence of the anesthetic. His only experience in this line had been gained a few days ago, when he saw a man who had been injured in a railroad accident, chloroformed by an ambulance surgeon. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in laying Augustus flat on his back on the floor. Then, while Gertrude and Anna held the animal's feet, he placed across the abdomen of Augustus a small footstool, weighted down with a couple of flat irons. This was to prevent the arching of the cat's back and to render him as helpless as possible. He administered the chloroform, using a cloth saturated with it, and Augustus became calm, but revived sufficiently to bite the boy's fingers severely, when the operation was attempted.

**His Catnip Sent to Dreamland.**

It took two more doses of the fluid to make his catnip oblivious to his surroundings. When the subject was limp enough to suit the young surgeon he began to work. Stretching Augustus out on a table, he felt carefully about his neck. He discovered a foreign substance on the right side and determined to make an incision there. The only available incisor was a pair of embroidery scissors with sharp points, and these he utilized. He raised the fur and gently inserted the end of the scissors in the flesh, making an opening about an eighth of an inch long.

Into this opening he carefully inserted his little finger, and succeeded in wrapping around it some of the thread.

The boy was ignorant of what Augustus had swallowed, and did not know whether he had the windpipe wrapped around his finger or not, but with the true instinct of an up-to-date surgeon he determined to take a chance. He drew his finger out carefully, and the string came along.

The girls recognized the yarn, and then he pulled with more confidence. As it came out inch by inch Frank and his sisters regarded it with about the same degree of surprise that might possess them if they had seen a magician pulling a couple of miles of ribbon out of an empty plug hat.

When the needle came out at the end of the string the girls were consumed with astonishment, and Frank was consumed with pride. To make the operation and unequal success he concluded to sew up the incision with the needle and thread he had so providentially recovered.

**The Subject Made His Escape.**

While he was making his preparation for this coup, the girls in their excitement forgot to hold the cat. Augustus drew a deep breath, arched his back, and sprang into the air, and alighted on his feet on the floor. He gazed wildly about the room for a few seconds, and then with a howl that sounded like the cry of a lost soul, he dashed out of the room and down the stairs like a comet.

Mrs. Houghton had just opened the kitchen door, and Augustus sailed out into the world, cleared the back yard fence with a flying leap, and vanished in the darkness, his tail waving behind him like a plume.

Two hours passed before the cat came back. Frank heard him scratching at the kitchen door, and let him in. Beyond expressing symptoms of a tired feeling, Augustus was as chipper as ever, and after the incision in his throat had been anointed with vasoline, he stretched out behind the stove and went to sleep. Young Spring cannot technically explain the operation in detail. All he knows about it is that he made the incision and took out the needle and thread. Augustus gave little evidence that his windpipe is uninjured.

It is noted for his surgical ability with animals and fowls. He estimates that he has set scores of broken legs of chickens, and twice he has artistically attended to the setting of broken legs of dogs. He performs with activity all the accounts of surgical operations in the newspapers, and the residents of Port Jervis think they have in him a budding wonder of the world of surgery.

## PASSING OF THE EVERETT.

One of the Characteristic Resorts of Barclay Street Loses Its Distinctive Features.

One of the old landmarks of the southern portion of New York City will have lost its distinctive characteristics by process of law to-morrow. The Everett House, which is variously numbered as 83, 85, 87 and 89 on Barclay street, but which starting mariners rightly regard as their old "haven in port," no matter what seas they may sail, yesterday was covered over on the lower story by notices of dispossession and judgment. A curious crowd of onlookers, some of whom had had for years past intimate dealings with old "Sam" Everett, of the hotel, gathered in front of the entrance to the cafe on the first floor and endeavored to find out the meaning of the numerous placards. It was romance in the thought home to living persons. Old Sam Everett, for twenty-eight years had acted the part of "mine host" at the Hotel Everett and acted it graciously.

During the thirty years and strain of 1889 Everett was compelled to go to the wall in order to save some little property for his own immediate family. He transferred the Hotel Everett to his wife, Susan M. Everett. That transfer or deed, at the time regarded by friends as a temporary makeshift, has been in existence up to this day.

The "passing" of the Hotel Everett went away one of the landmarks that gave to Barclay street a peculiarity different from the neighboring streets. It is uncertain at present what disposition will be made of the property. It is sure to be sold to satisfy the claims that are pressing it. Alexander B. Powell, an old-time friend and a boyhood companion of Sam Everett, said yesterday that he was willing to purchase the hotel for a firm financial footing, and yet the lack of less than that amount was sufficient to "snow him under."

## DAVID J. DEAN IS DEAD.

One of the Oldest of City Officials and a Great Municipal Lawyer—He Helped Draft the Greater City Charter.

David J. Dean, First Assistant Corporation Counsel, died suddenly in San Antonio, Texas, on Sunday evening. The intelligence caused sincere regret to his associates in the Corporation Counsel's office. His health, which had been poor for two years, finally broke completely under the strain put upon it last Summer when Mr. Dean was assisting in preparing the draft of the Greater New York charter. He was reputed the greatest municipal lawyer in the State, and was held in the highest esteem by all the Judges of the higher courts.

Mr. Dean was about sixty-five years of age. For more than thirty years he was in the Corporation Counsel's office. He accepted a nomination in 1887 for City Court Judge on a County Democracy ticket against the advice of many of his friends, and he was defeated by Mischke, the Tammany candidate.

The remains will be brought to this city and the funeral will be held in St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the deceased had been a deacon for many years.

At the conclusion of the hearing of the Greater New York Commission yesterday Commissioner William C. De Witt presented suitable resolutions, which were adopted.

## LOST GIRL AND MONEY.

Angry at His Daughter's Elopement, the Father Has Her Arrested for Theft.

Assar Bokhaof, a Syrian, white-haired and ill to look at, living at No. 31 Washington street, was in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday as complainant against his daughter, Uadiah, a rather pretty girl of eighteen. The father claimed that on November 23 she took \$85 from his trunk and eloped with Bashma Khyrallah, a young Syrian. The father, daughter and son-in-law are all peddlers.

Magistrate Simms questioned all closely, and brought out the fact that the father was angry because the daughter had married and deprived him of her earnings. After her marriage the father attempted to get the son-in-law to pay him \$100 for the girl. He refused \$50, the amount he had paid for her passage from Syria five years ago. When he refused he caused the daughter's arrest. Magistrate Simms discharged the girl, saying the father's story lacked corroboration.

## WAR SHIPS ORDERED TO SEA.

Montgomery Will Leave the Yard To-day and the Marblehead During the Week.

Orders have been received at the Navy Yard to hurry the work of repairing the ships now lying there, and as a consequence many men from both the construction and engineering departments have been kept at work on the vessels. The cruisers Montgomery and Marblehead are being rapidly made ready for service. A new rapid-fire gun has been mounted in the bow of the Montgomery. She will leave the Navy Yard to-day and will be sent to assist the vessels now on the coast of Florida in watching for filibusters.

An extra gang of men are at work on the cruiser Columbia, now undergoing repairs in the timber dry dock. It is expected that the vessel will be floated out of the dock in a matter of days. She will be coaled and proceed to Hampton Roads at once.

## Dogs Poisoned in Woodside, L. I.

The residents of Woodside are greatly alarmed over the large number of dogs that have been recently poisoned in that village. Mr. Baldwin lost a valuable setter a few days ago. Mr. B. Marston lost a pointer, and Mr. St. Richard, and several other residents have lost their watch dogs. The work is supposed to have been done by a man from town, who has been recently operating in Woodside.

## WILLIAM GILMORE WAS SWAM BY THE TUG.

HE APPEARED TO BE DEAD, BUT THE CAPTAIN SWEPT THE HORIZON AND FOUND HIM.

## THE INTERESTING EXPERIENCES OF WILLIAM GILMORE AND HIS ULTIMATE ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

"HELP, HELP!" I'm drowning!

This appeal for assistance started the captain and crew of a tugboat that was slowly towing a barge up the Passaic River, near Kearney, N. J., on Saturday afternoon. The captain at once had the engines reversed and the tug stopped. Then he ordered all hands to the rescue of the man in distress. But no traces of that person could be had.

"He must have gone to the bottom mighty suddenly," said the captain.

## PAUPER MONKEYS DENIED ENTRY.

Imported Simians for Organ Circles Seized by Heartless Officials.

FAST HUNT ON SHIPBOARD.

One Alien Musician Committed Suicide Rather Than Return to Borneo.

THREE OTHERS MADE ESCAPES.

The Rest, Together with One Porcupine, Were Held to Await the Action of the Commissioner of Emigration.

Seventeen imported pauper labor monkeys intending to star in East Side musical circles attempted to land at this port yesterday, and got into trouble with the Federal authorities. The entire batch, and one detached porcupine, fell into the clutches of the inspectors who raided the floating zoo on the pretext that the performers had not been entered on the ship's manifest according to maritime law. It was rumored that the Organ Monkeys' Rescued Girl from Fire.

The residence of former Assessor William Gartner, at No. 350 Hulse street, Long Island City, was destroyed by the late on Sunday night. Miss Nellie Gartner, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Gartner, narrowly escaped suffocation. Roomman George Fitzgerald rescued her. The nearest fire hydrant was three blocks away and the neighbors were forced to carry the water to the burning building with buckets. The total damage was about \$1,000.

## Arrived by the Steamer Mogul.

This is one version of the raid on the British steamer Mogul, Captain Wright, lying at the foot of Market street, East River. She recently arrived from Japan with a cargo of tea, the monkeys and a mixed crew, who had smuggled the animals on board. As all live stock is dutiable, the Captain ordered the menagerie entered on the manifest. But this detail was overlooked, and when the Customs Department heard of the presence of pauper labor in port Inspectors Huxley and Levine were sent to investigate.

The sight of brass buttons, which do suggest policemen, threw the monkeys into a panic that spoke little for the much-vaunted liberty in the land of the free.

"We must confiscate these beasts," said the inspectors.

Union, of New York, got wind of the arrival and took steps to prevent the landing of the musicians. Walking delegates from the union, it is said, visited the ship and held a conference with the aliens, pointing out the overcrowded condition of the business and reciting pitiful tales of suffering among the unemployed monkeys in various parts of the country. So eloquent were the delegates, that three of the paupers deserted. One committed suicide and the remainder promised to join the union if their credentials proved satisfactory.

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"All right. Heave ah! and consiliate," replied the skipper.

Some things are much easier to confiscate than others. Borneo monkeys are in a class by themselves, as the inspectors quickly discovered. The nimble little creatures, which were allowed to roam at large aboard the ship, scattered wildly when the brass buttons swooped down on them.

Messrs. Huxley and Levine have not indulged in so much healthy exercise since entering the service of a grateful country. They chased the aggravating little beasts from one end of the ship to the other; into the hold and out again; up and down the rigging and over piles of cargo, while the Malay and Chinese able seamen looked on and applauded.

## Stampede of the Monkeys.

The inspectors lost breath and buttons, threw their collars out, and said things which shocked even the sad sea dogs who heard them. During the chase three of the monkeys, without a cent in their tips, scrambled ashore and got lost. The rest, with the exception of one desperate villain, captured and placed in a box, while the desperate villain to the mainland.

Inspector Huxley went after him. It was a long, hard climb among tarry ropes and blocks, but the indignant inspector scrambled nobly and noisily. Just as he was about to grasp the beast the wretched creature took one last rushed look at the Statue of Liberty and plunged down from the top of the mast into the river. An effort was made to rescue the suicidal animal, but the swift rolling tide carried him down to a watery grave.

The unlucky thirteen in the box and the docile porcupine were taken to the Government Stores to await action at the hands of the Customs Department or the Commissioners of Immigration. Captain Wright is subject to a fine equal to the value of the animals. Unless the three who escaped fall in with friends or succeed in finding jobs in non-uniform towns they may suffer great hardship.

## Rescued Girl from Fire.

The residence of former Assessor William Gartner, at No. 350 Hulse street, Long Island City, was destroyed by the late on Sunday night. Miss Nellie Gartner, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Gartner, narrowly escaped suffocation. Roomman George Fitzgerald rescued her. The nearest fire hydrant was three blocks away and the neighbors were forced to carry the water to the burning building with buckets. The total damage was about \$1,000.

## RIGO FIDDLER FOR GOULD.